WHEN BROADWAY WAS A COUNTRY ROAD.

No rushing cars, nor tramping feet
  Disturbed the peaceful summer days
That shone as now upon the street
  That knows our busy, noisy ways.
  And blushing girls and awkward jays
Strolled slowly home, and cattle lowed
  As fell the purple twilight haze,
When Broadway was a country road.

No tailored dandies, trim and neat;
  No damsels of the latest craze
Of form and fashion; no conceit
  To catch the fancy or amaze.
  No buildings met the skyward gaze;
Nor myriad lights that mighty glowed
  To set the midnight hour ablaze—
When Broadway was a country road.

Then shady lanes with blossoms sweet
  Led gently down to quiet bays
Or to the sheltered, hedged retreat
  Some falling mansion now betrays.
  The stage-coach here no longer pays
Its daily call, nor farmers goad
  Their oxen, as in olden days,
When Broadway was a country road.

Little indeed to meet the praise
  Of modern times the picture showed.
And yet the fancy fondly strays
  To Broadway as a country road.
—Charles Coleman Stoddard, in Broadway Magazine.

HANDBAG AND PLATE

Lucile and Her Mother Have a Quarrel.

I don't see why any one ever selects the summer time for a wedding. I think it is very inconsiderate to expect people to sit in a crowded church to take part in a reception crush on a hot evening. But persons about to be married usually are too selfishly absorbed in their own affairs to have a thought for the pleasure or comfort of others.

I did not want to attend Georgia Harvey's wedding, but mother insisted that I should go with her.

"I'm sure, Lucile," she urged, "that your father will be vexed if you don't go. You know that Georgia is the daughter of one of your father's oldest business friends and he will expect some of us to be there."

"If father is so punctilious about having the family represented why didn't he stay at home and go himself?" I asked, a trifle petulently. I have long noticed that when there are family social obligations to discharge father nearly always finds it necessary to take a business trip out of town.

Mother only sighed at my remarks in her provoking way. I went on: "It seems to me that I did my duty toward the Harveys now and forever when I shopped all one stifling day for a bridal gift for Georgia. It is no pleasure to go from store to store hunting for something rich and handsome for $20. If father wanted to make her an elegant present he should have given me more money to spend for it."

"Twenty dollars was all he could afford," said mother, "and I'm sure, Lucile, that I could have found something very nice for that amount."

"Well," I said, "I think the silver-mounted alligator handbag which I bought was handsome enough for any one. I quite wore myself out looking for it, but I suppose you and father think I might have done better. It's pretty hard to please every one."

"It's very nice, indeed, dear" said mother, soothingly. "I think we'll be quite satisfied when we see it displayed among the other gifts."

Mother loves to look at wedding presents. It makes me nervous to see her examine every piece of silver or cut glass as if she were mentally appraising it, when really she is only rejoicing that the bride has been so generously remembered. Sometimes I feel that mother's breadth of human interest almost amounts to vulgarity. I never can make her realize that an air of indifference adds to one's social equipment.

"Lucile," said mother, in a distressed whisper the night of the wedding, "I've looked everywhere among the gifts and I can't find the handbag. Do you suppose anything has happened to it?"

"Oh, no," I returned. "It's quite safe in my chiffonier."

"Why, did you forget to send it?"

"No, I'm not quite so forgetful as that. I decided not to send it at all. I thought as Georgia is going to housekeeping she would rather have those butter plates I decorated two years ago when I was taking lessons in china painting. Besides I think it so nice to give one's own work."

"Why, Lucile," exclaimed the mother.

I frowned, for I think there is nothing more ill-bred than any quarrel in public between members of a family. So nothing more was said about the matter until we were driving home. Then mother declared that she was certain father would be annoyed at what I had done.

"What have I done?" I inquired.

"Well," began mother excitedly, "I asked Georgia's little sister where the dishes you sent were, for I couldn't find them among the other presents. She told me that they were all broken, Lucile, broken!"

"From your tone, mother, anyone might know that it was my fault. If the Harveys were careless with the gifts, I'm sure I am not to blame."

"Lucile," said mother, solemnly, "those dishes were in fragments when they arrived at the Harveys. You put them in the box without any packing and, of course, they were broken. How could you be so heedless?"

"It's very unkind of you to speak so crossly to me when I went to this stupid wedding just to please you and father," I said, beginning to cry.

"There, there, dear," returned mother. "I'm afraid I was a little harsh, for I was so disappointed that there wasn't any present from us displayed. But I didn't mean to be cross, dear. So don't cry any more. It makes me unhappy, Lucile."

For mother's sake I dried my eyes and tried to be cheerful. When I got home I took out the handbag and looked at it and I felt glad that I had selected such a handsome one. Little accessories of that kind add so much to the elegance of a street costume. My old one is almost shabby and I should have had to ask father for money to buy a new handbag if it hadn't been for my forethought in sending Georgia the painted china. I am always pleased when I can save father any extra expense.—Chicago News.

PINK AND PURPLE THOUGHTS.

Demonstrated by Certain Experiments of Professor Gates.

Plunging his arm into a jar filled with water to the point of overflowing and keeping his position without moving, Professor Elmer Gates, of the Laboratory of Psychology at Washington, directed his thinking to the arm. The blood soon entered the arm in such quantities, declares a writer in Current Literature, as to enlarge it and cause the water in the jar to overflow.

By directing his thoughts to his arm for a certain length of time daily for many days he permanently increased both its size and strength. He even instructed others to produce the same effects on various bodily organs, thus demonstrating, it is contended, the accuracy of the statement that muscle can be developed by a proper course of thinking as well as by exercise.

Professor Gates, moreover, has shown what is called the causative character of thinking in a long series of experiments. He has found that change of the mental state changed the chemical character of the perspiration.

When treated with the same chemical reagent the perspiration of an angry man showed one color, that of a man in grief another, and so on through the long list of emotions.

Each mental state persistently exhibited its own peculiar result every time the experiment was repeated. Each kind of thinking, by causing changes in glandular or visceral activity, produced different chemical substances, which were being thrown out of the system in the perspiration.

When the breath of Professor Gates' subject was passed through a tube cooled with ice so as to condense liquid resulted. He kept the man breathing through the tube, but made him angry.

Five minutes afterward a sediment appeared in the tube, indicating the presence there of a new substance, which had been produced by the changed physical action caused by a change of the mental condition. Anger gave a brownish substance, sorrow gray, remorse pink, and so on. The results showed, as in the experiments with the perspiration, that each kind of thinking produced its own peculiar substance, which the system was trying to expel.

Lost Again.

"Hear about the hard luck story of Dad Moulton, the Stamford trainer?" inquired one alumnus of another, coming back from the big game.

"No; what happened?"

"Wel, Dad, you know used to be a professional foot racer. Went all over the world when in his athletic prime, sprinting for money against all comers. They say he won 263 races, never was beaten but twice in his career. One of the fellows that beat, Dad met later in another race and outran him. Dad was after the other fellow for a long while to get a return race. But the fellow beat Dad again."

"How was that?"

"Died before Dad got another crack at him."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Editor Defies Superstition.

Defying superstitition, the Herald, of Slatington, Pa., began publication as a weekly on Friday, September 13. The first copy was taken from the press at thirteen minutes before 5 o'clock, in the presence of thirteen witnesses.

Laid on the Table.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch and the Montgomery Advertiser are discussing pie in their editorial columns, but the Kentucky plan of discussing it on the dinner table is vastly more satisfactory.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ENGLAND DISPUTES OVER AUTHORS' RANK.

British Museum's Choice of Nineteen Best Arouses Strong Protests.

Thackeray Not Included---Dickens Left Out, Too, and His Admirers Object---Shaw Slashes the Official List.

A question perhaps even more difficult of solution than that of "What are the hundred best books?" has been raised by the authorities of the British Museum, writes the London correspondent of the New York Times. In the reading room of that institution, which has just been reopened to the public after being closed for a lengthy period of repairs and renovations, there are nineteen panels (there are twenty really, but one is occupied by a clock), on each of which has been painted the name of a great English writer. It was no easy task to select nineteen names as the greatest and most representative in English literature. This is how the trustees fulfilled the task:

Chaucer	Locke	Byron
Caxton	Addison	Carlyle
Tindale	Swift	Macaulay
Spenser	Pope	Tennyson
Shakespeare	Gibbon	Browning
Bacon	Wordsworth	
Milton	Scott	

Of course this selection does not meet with universal commendation. Equally, of course, the omission of Thackeray and Dickens was at once noted and objected to by that section of the public whose acquaintance with English literature probably goes no further than a certain familiarity with names. One of the trustees had to explain that the official view was that fiction occupied a less exalted place in the hierarchy of literature than other branches and was of a more recent growth. Scott (whose name is included in the list) had other claims besides being a great novelist, whereas the fame of Dickens and Thackeray rested almost entirely upon their novels.

Lord Avebury (Sir John Lubbock) is a trustee of the British Museum. In an interview he said he was equaly responsible with his fellow-trustees for the selection made, and he gave an interesting opinion on the list as a whole.

"I had some little doubt about Caxton," said Lord Avebury, "not as to the great services he had rendered to literature, but as to whether he was quite representative of English literature in the same sense as the other great writers. And in the same way, with reference to Tindale, I had a little doubt, not in any way from undervaluing what he had done, but I thought that his great services were perhaps hardly services to literature. On the whole, however, I think there is a great deal to be said for including their names, and that otherwise it is a very good selection."

In reply to a question as to whether he would have included Dickens and Thackeray if there had been room, Lord Avebury said: "If you ask whether, supposing there had been twenty-one panels instead of nineteen, Dickens and Thackeray should have been included, I should have rather a doubt about it, but I would not like to say which two names I should have selected without giving the matter greater consideration."

Sidney Lee, the editor of the Dictionary of National Biography, said:

"The list of names is interesting. It is inevitable that a few which one would like to see there should be omitted. I think room might well have been found for

Dryden
Johnson
Burke
Burns

I wonder what Carlyle and Macaulay would say about the preference of themselves to Dryden and Johnson. I fully admit the difficulty of determining whom to omit from the existing list in order to make room for my four suggestions. However, reluctantly, I should be inclined to sacrifice

Locke
Addison
Carlyle
Browning.

George Bernard Shaw unhesitatingly corrected a printed list. He began by knocking out Spenser. Then he deleted Locke and Addison, and supplied one name—that of Bunyan—in place of the three. He thought Fielding a better choice than Pope, and would have preferred Blake or Shelly to Wordsworth. He erased Tennyson and Browning, and advanced Ruskin, Dickens and Butler (presumably the Butler of "Hudibras").

Some of his corrections are characteristic. So is his comment:

"I hastily correct the more outrageous omissions. When you have only nineteen windows it is ridiculous to waste them on genteel third-rate minds like Addison, Wordsworth and Tennyson, while Bunyan, Blake and Shelly are being crowded out."

Frederic Harrison said: "Admitting the difficulty of screwing British literary worthies into nineteen holes, the salient omissions seem to me to be:

"Hume, the greatest of our philosophers, and

"Fielding, the greatest of our novelists.

"And what will Scots say to a list which contains Browning and not Burns?

"And what will Irishmen say to a list which contains Addison, and not Goldsmith?

"Are there no spaces for Thackeray, Dickens, or Johnson, Gray and Richardson?"

Herbert Trench and Edmund Gosse commended the selection made by the trustees, and so, to a certain extent, did Hall Caine.

TWO OLD FRIENDS.

Soliloquy Over a Tobacco Pouch and a Minister.

I need a new tobacco pouch; we need a new minister—so they say. A younger man, our minister is old; so is my pouch, and worn with service—hard, constant, daily, humble service; it is frayed at the edges; so is he. All old, good men are. And we must have new ones, that when we display them other people will not think either that we are out of fashion or that we are too poor to get what we ought to have.

It has worn well, my pouch; it was a good one when I got it, well made, strong, serviceable, good to look at; so was he. It is good to look at still, I think; certainly not beautiful, but surely friendly, at the very least; and though its buckskin covering is torn and ragged it serves its purpose perfectly, and it will expand now as well as ever to carry all that I may need; and his great heart finds room for all our troubles.

But my wife tells me it is disgraceful to carry such a wornout thing about, and, being a bit absent-minded, I generally fail to notice who may be by to criticise when I fill my pipe. Men understand; the dear wife dosen't—though she does not want a new minister, thank God! And in a few days my unwillingness to see her really distressed will send me to the tobacconist's for a new pouch, though I promise you it shall be a duplicate of the old as nearly as may be; and I will carry it and use it, and I shall grow to love it; and when it is old I shall love it best. But meanwhile, the one I have, quite good, dear, kindly and accustomed, that must go. It shall not be thrown away, for I keep them all in a drawer of my office desk; and when the spring comes and I go into the mountains for a little while to fish for trout, it is always the old ones, the worn and patient ones, the friendly ones, that go with me.

And he, my Dr. Lavender, who cannot hear the music which his nature craves because the homeless must be cared for, nor keep in touch with current theological thoughts because the bodies of the starving ones are worth more than all the costly books in Christendom—he, who loves us all, and whom some of us love, knows that others of us want (ah, no; wish, rather!) a younger man; and he is going to resign; and "they" are going to accept his resignation. Yet ever shall he go with me into the silent spaces day by day, where, away from this dusty world, the clear, strong wind blows the cobwebs from one's character; and into that glorious, fragrant sunlight, where, freed for a moment from the rush and drudgery of living, one really lives. —Atlantic Monthly.

Berries a Trap For Game.

Black hawberries are now furnishing delicious meals for hunters in the mountains. They are also being devoured by bears, and they are being picked off the branches by coons and opossums. Indeed, the black hawberry is one of the real food products of the woods, and there is no danger of a lost person starving.

You cannot convince a mountaineer that the haw is not a food. The only trouble about it is that it takes a great many berries to make a banquet. It is the thick, mealy flesh surrounding the seed that is eaten, and in some sections housewives make them into a sort of jelly.

Experienced hunters make it a practice to look for bears and grouse in the vicinity of a clump of haw bushes, and generally succeed in finding the game there.

The berries grow in large clusters like elderberries, and a quart can be picked in a few minutes.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Berlin has a greater number of policemen, per capita, than any other city.

A WHISKER THEORY BY CHAMP CLARK.

Missouri Representative Cites Two Beards, One Nine and the Other Eleven Feet.

Some fellow recently made the statement that he knew a man who had a beard seven feet long. "That's no beard at all," said Champ Clark, Congressman from Missouri, and he wrote a letter to the Washington Post, telling about a man in Pike County who had a beard as is a beard. The public not being fully satisfied, the Congressman from Pike has come on to Washington two weeks earlier than he intended, to see about it.

He gave out an interview on the subject, and if any one further questions that Missouri produces the greatest whiskers in the world, the matter will be brought up in Congress and a special investigation asked for.

"Judge Elijah Gates," said Mr. Clark, "has a beard nine feet and a half long. He lives in my county, just a few miles from my house, and I know him very well. But his whiskers are not any special curiosity because there is a man a few miles further down the road who has a beard eleven and a half feet long. This man's name is Valentine Tapley. I know him very well.

"A curious thing about these fellows, and that makes me think a man's character can be told by his whiskers. Now, Elijah Gates is a pugnacious kind of a fellow, not a scrapper or a brawler, you understand, but of a stubborn type of man. His whiskers are right stiff, like a horse's mane. But Valentine Tapley, his are soft as silk, and Tapley is mild mannered and thoroughly agreeable, one of those unanimous sort of fellows.

"Of course, those fellows do not wear their beards down all the time. They couldn't do it without tying a knot in them like a horse's tail. But they wear 'em inside their vests in silk bags. Old man Tapley takes his out once or twice a year for the benefit of his neighbors. Old man Elijah Gates takes his out, too, but only to comb it. He has one of these sugar-tree combs made for it and he combs it with that."

Mr. Clark has no suggestion of a hirsute adornment on his classic face. No one is, therefore, able to read his character from his beard. If he had one, though, it would probably not be soft and silken like Valentine Tapley's, for Mr. Clark is not unanimous.

Plant Like a Camel.

The nearest thing to a camel among plants is a curious specimen of the cucumber family which bears the name of the Ibervillea sonorae. This plant, like the camel, is a native of the desert, and it has to go without water longer than the animal.

As the rainy season in the desert comes only once a year nature provides the I. S. with a reservoir to store up enough moisture to last it between times. The organ in which the water is stored is located at the base of the stem. It is covered with a sort of mackintosh envelope, through which the water can neither escape nor evaporate.

The water holder rests on the sand throughout the entire period of drought, but when the rain comes it springs into activity.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Pies Paralyzed Him.

Because he was unable to curb his relish for pie Charles E. Knowlton, seventy-three years old, who was noted for his strength in pulling open balky doors of iron safes, died yesterday of paralysis at his home, 110 Washington avenue, Brooklyn.

"He admired my pies for thirty years before we were married," said the widow last night, "and he was just as fond of them afterwards."

Knowlton was also greatly devoted to outdoor sports. He recently returned from a vacation at Deposit, N. Y., where he played baseball, walked many miles every day and drove in a sulky behind a fast horse. His doctor vainly warned him that pie and cake formed a poor diet for a man of his age who took so much exercise. Knowlton only smiled. The paralysis resulted from gastritis.—New York World.

The Word Etiquette.

The very high sounding word of etiquette had a very humble origin, for etiquette meant simply a label. It received its present signification from the fact that a Scotch gardener who laid out the grounds at Versailles for Louis XIV. was much annoyed at the courtiers walking over his newly made paths and at length had labels placed to indicate where they might pass. At first these labels were not attended to, but a hint from high quarters that in future the walks of the courtiers must be within the "etiquette" or labels were promptly attended to. To keep within the etiquette became the correct thing. The meaning of the phrase was afterward widened.